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# Thirty SCOTS SONGS

## Adapted for a VOICE & HARPSICHORD.

BY

Robert Bremner.

The Words by ALLEN RAMSEY.

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## Kathrine Oggie.

*for 2 Voices*

Slow

As walking forth to view the plain, up- - on a morning ear - ly, while May's ſweet ſcent did

As walking forth the plain, up- - on a morning ear - ly, while May did

chear my Brain, from Flowers which grow ſo rarely: I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty Maid, She

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ſhin'd tho' it was Foggie, I aſk'd her Name: ſweet ſir ſhe ſaid, my Name is Kath rine Oggie.

ſhin'd tho' it was Foggie, I aſk'd her Name: ſweet ſir ſhe ſaid, my Name is Kath rine Oggie.

## The Blathrie oït.

Lively

When I think on this World's pelf, and the lit tle wi ſhare I have o'it to my ſelf, and

how the Laſs that wants it is by the Lads forgot, may the ſhame fa' the Gear, and the Blathrie o'it

# Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth *to view* * the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's *ſweet ſcent* did chear my brain,
From flowers which grow ſo rarely,
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid:
She ſhin'd tho' it was fogie;
I aſk'd her name; Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I ſtood *a while*, and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk *an air* there did appear
In this dear maid ſo neatly:
Such nat'ral ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like lillies in a bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of *females*, beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſs'd *in robes* but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Excels a clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I *but* ſome *ſhep*-herd ſwain!
To feed my flock beſide thee,
At bought*ing*-*time* to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' *imperial* throne,
And ſtateſmen's dang'rous ſtations:
I'd be no king, *I'd wear* no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations;
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear *the gods* have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare *makes her* exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my caſe, ye pow'rs above,
I' die for Kath'rine Ogie.

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song, in *Italic* characters, are to be left out by the ſecond Voice.

# Blathrie o't.

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
And the little wee ſhare I have o't to myſelf,
And how the laſs that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the ſhame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

*Jockie* was the ladie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat;
May the ſhame, *&c.*

*Jenny* was the laſſie that mucked the byre,
But now ſhe is clad in her ſilken attire,
And *Jockie* ſays he loes her, and ſwears he's me forgot;
May the ſhame, *&c.*

But all this ſhall ne'er danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's ſae inconſtant, he is not worth a groat;
May the ſhame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

## The Birks of Invermay.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, *Amanda*, timely wiſe,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At *this* thy living bloom will fade,
As *that* will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and friſking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

## Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny laſſes,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er with raſhes.
Fair *Beſſy Bell*, I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy*'s hair's like a lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a *May* morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis*' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command:
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances;
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
O *Jove*, ſhe's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſes:
Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
And be with ane contented.

## The Birks of Endermay.

Slowiſh

The ſmiling Morn the breathing ſpring, in-vite the tuneful Birds to ſing, and while they warble

from each ſpray, Love melts the U-ni-ver-ſal Lay. Let us *Amanada* time-ly wife, like

them improve the hour that flys, and in ſoft raptures waſte the day, a-mong the Birks of Endermay.

## Beſsy Bell, and Mary Gray.

Briſk

O *Beſsy Bell & Mary Gray*, they are twa bon-ny Laſs-es, they bigg'd a Bower on

yon burn ſide, and theck'd it o'er wi' Raſh-es Fair: *Beſsy Bell* I loo'd yeſtreen, and

thought I ne'er cou d al-ter; but *Mary Grays* twa paw-ky Een, gard a my fan-cy fal- -ter.

## The Lafs of Peaties Mill.

*for 2 Voices*

Moderaly

The Lafs of *Peaties* Mill, fo bon-ny blyth and gay, In fpight of all my fkill, She ftole my heart a-way. when Tedding of the Hay, bare head-ed on the green, Love 'midft her looks did play, and wan-ton'd in her Een.

## Saw ye Iohnie cuming quo She.

Brifk

Saw ye Iohnie coming quo' fhe, faw ye Iohnie coming, O faw ye Iohnie coming quo' fhe, faw ye Iohnie coming, wi' his blew Bonnet on his head, and his Doggie running. quo' fhe and his Doggie running.

## Peaty's Mill.

THE laſs of *Peaty*'s mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away,
When tedding of the hay,
Bear-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her e'en.

Her arms white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn;
To age it wou'd give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
*Hopetoun*'s high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of *Peaty*'s mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame with me.

## Fee him, Father, fee him.

*:S:*
SAW ye *Johnie* cummin, quo' ſhe;
Saw ye *Johnie* cummin, *:S:*
O ſaw ye *Johnie* cummin, quo' ſhe;
Saw ye *Johnie* cummin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin, quo' ſhe;
And his doggie runnin.

*:S:*
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' ſhe;
Fee him, father, fee him: *:S:*
For he is a gallant lad,
And a' well doin;
And a' the wark about the houſe
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him, quo' ſhe;
Wi' me, when I ſee him.

What will I do wi' him, huſſy,
What will I do wi' him:

He's ne'er a ſark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I ha'e twa ſarks into my kiſt,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a mark of mair fee
Dinna ſtand wi' him, quo' ſhe;
Dinna ſtand wi' him.

*:S:*
For well do I lo'e him, quo' ſhe;
Well do I lo'e him: *:S:*
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' ſhe;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll had the pleugh, thraſh in the barn,
And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' ſhe:
Lie wi' me at e'en.

## Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
My minny ſhe's a ſcalding wife,
Hads a' the houſe aſteer;
*But let them ſay, or let them do,*
*It's a ane to me;*
*For he's low down, he's in the broom*
*That's waiting on me,*
*Waiting on me, my love,*
*He's waiting on me,*
*For he's low down, he's in the broom*
*That's waiting on me.*

My aunty *Kate* ſits at her wheel,
And ſair ſhe lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy;
For ne'er a jo has ſhe.
*But let them ſay, &c.*

My couſin *Kate* was ſair beguil'd
Wi' *Johnie* in the glen;
And aye ſince-ſyne, ſhe cries, beware
Of falſe deluding men.
*But let her ſay, &c.*

Glee'd *Sandy* he came waſt ae night
And ſpeer'd when I ſaw *Pate*,
And aye ſince-ſyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
*But let them ſay, or let them do,*
*It's a' ane to me;*
*For I'll gae to the bonny lad*
*That's waiting on me;*
*Waiting on me, my love,*
*He's waiting on me;*
*For he's low down, he's in the broom*
*That's waiting on me.*

## The laſt Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in every grace,
In her my love ſhall center;
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

Livly

My *Daddy* is a canker'd Carle, he'll ne twin wi' his Gear, My *Minni* She's a

fcolding Wife, hads a' the houfe a fteer, But let them fay, or let them do, its a' ane to

me; for he's low down he's in the Broom that's waiting on me; waiting on me, My Love he's

waiting on me, for he's low down he's in the Broom that's waiting for me.

## The laft time I came o'er the Moor.

Slow

The laft time I came o'er the Moor I left my Love be-hind me, ye Pow'rs what

Pain do I en-dure, when foft I-de-as mind me, Soon as the rud-dy Morn difplay'd, the

beaming day en-fuing, I met betimes my Lovely Maid, in fit re--treats for Wooing.

## Gilderoy.

*for 2 Voices.*

Plaintive

Ah! Clo-ris cou'd I now but ſit, as un-concern'd as when, your In--fant beau-ty

Ah! Cloris cou'd I now but ſit, as un-concern'd as when, your Infant beau-ty

cou'd beget, no hap-pi-neſs nor Pain, when I this dawning did ad-mire and

cou'd beget, no hap-pi-neſs nor Pain, when I this dawning did ad-mire, and

praiſ'd the com-ing Day, I lit-tle thought that riſeing fire, wou'd take my reſt a-way.

praiſ'd the com-ing Day, I little thought that riſeing fire, wou'd take my reſt a-way.

## Hooly and Fairly.

Briſkiſh

Oh what had I a do for to Marry, My wife She drinks nai-thing but Sack and Ca-na-ry,

I to her Friends complain'd right Air-ly; O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo-ly and fair-ly,

hoo-ly and fair-ly, hoo-ly and fair-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink, hoo-ly and fair-ly

# Ah! Chloris.

To the Tune of *Gilder Roy.*

AH! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Wou'd take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine,
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſible
To their perfection preſt;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;—
To make a beauty, ſhe.

# Hooly and fairly.

OH! what had I ado for to marry;
My wife ſhe dranks naithing but ſack and canary:
I to her friends complained right airly:
*O gin my wife wad drank hooly and fairly,*
*Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;*
*O gin my wife wad drank hooly and fairly.*

Firſt ſhe drank *Crummie*, and ſyne ſhe drank *Garie*;
Now ſhe has drunken my bonny grey mairie,
That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie:
*O gin my wife*, &c.

If ſhe'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,
She drinks my claiths I canna well ſpare;
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely:
*O gin my wife*, &c.

If there's ony ſiller, ſhe maun keep the purſe;
If I ſeek but a baubee ſhe'll ſcauld and ſhe'll curſe:
She gangs like a queen, I ſcrimped and ſparely:
*O gin my wife*, &.

I never was given to wrangling nor ſtrife;
Nor e'er did refuſe her the comforts of life:
E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley:
*O gin my wife*, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
But when ſhe ſits down ſhe fills herſelf fow;
And when ſhe is fow ſhe's unco comſterie:
*O gin my wife*, &c.

And when ſhe comes hame ſhe lays on the lads;
She ca's the laſſes baith limmers and jades;
And I my ain ſell an auld canker'd carlie;
*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,*
*Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;*
*O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.*

## She roſe and loot me in.

THE night her ſilent ſable wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more,
Than thoſe in *Nelly*'s eyes;
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To riſe and let me in.

But ſhe, with accents all divine,
Did my fond ſuit reprove;
And while ſhe chid my raſh deſign,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very ſoul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part;
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondneſs I obey'd,
Reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be mine,
Till *Hymen* to my arms convey'd
My treaſure ſo divine.

Now happy in my *Nelly*'s love,
Tranſporting is my joy;
No greater bleſſing can I prove;
So bleſt a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain,
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

## Ann thou were my ain Thing.

*ANN thou were my ain thing,*
*I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;*
*Ann thou were my ain thing,*
*How dearly wou'd I love thee!*

O I wou'd claſp thee in my arms,
And I'd ſecure thee from all harms;
For above mortal thou haſt charms:
How dearly do I love thee!
*Ann thou were,* &c.

Of race divine thou needs muſt be;
Since nothing earthly equals thee:
For Heaven's ſake then pity me,
Who only lives to love thee.
*Ann thou were,* &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O for their ſake ſupport a ſlave,
Who ever on ſhall love thee.
*Ann thou were,* &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your ſake
What man can name I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.
*Ann thou were,* &c.

My paſſion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
Till Fate my thread of life have ſpun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.
*Ann thou were,* &c.

## She roſe and let me in.

Plaintive

The night her ſi-lent ſa-ble wore, and gloomy were the Skies, of glitt-ring ſtars ap-

-pear'd no more, than thoſe in *Nellyes* Eyes; When to her *Father's* door I came, where

I had of-ten been, I begg'd my Fair my Love-ly Dame, to riſe and let me in.

## An thou were my Ain thing.

Slow

An thou were my Ain thing, O I wou'd Love thee, I wou'd Love thee, ann thou were my

Ain thing how dearly do I Love thee. Then I wou'd claſp thee in my Arms, then I'd ſe-

-cure thee from all harms, for a-bove mor-tal thou haſt charms, how dear-ly do I Love thee.

## Tak your auld clock about ye.

Slow

In Winter when the rain rain'd cauld, and froſt and ſnaw on ilka Hill, and Boras with his
blaſts ſae bauld, was threathing a our Ky to kill, Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves na ſtrife, She
ſaid to me right haſtily get up Goodman ſave *Cromy's* life and tak your auld clock a-bout ye.

## The Boatman.

Slowiſh

Ye gales that gently wave the Sea, and pleaſe the can-ny Boatman, bear me frae hence or
bring to me my brave my bon-ny Scotsman, In ha--ly bands we Join'd our hands, yet
may not this diſ-cover, while Parents Rate a large Eſtate, be-fore a faith-ful Lover.

## Tak your auld Cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill,
And *Boreas*, with his blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves nae ſtrife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up, good man, ſave *Cromie*'s life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kyne;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairn's mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne;
Get up, good man, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King *Robert* rang,
His trews they coſt but haff a crown;
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe;
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Good man, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

*Bell* my wife, ſhe loves na ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aſt maun yield, tho' I'm good man:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

## The Boat-man.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*-man:
In haly bands we join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate a large eſtate
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in *Highland* glens
To herd the kid and goat---man,
Ere I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot*---man.
Wae worth the man wha firſt began
The baſe ungen'rous faſhion,
Frae greedy views love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word, then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man;
Waſt o'er, waſt o'er frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*---man.

## Nanſy's to the green Wood gane.

NANSY's to the *Green-Wood* gane,
To hear the *Goodſpink* chatt'ring,
And *Willie* he has follow'd her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang kail, and ranty-tanty:
With bonnocks of good barley meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped ſtocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail yard,
A ha' houſe and a pantry:
A good blue bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy,
And ay until the day he di'd
He rade on good ſhanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny *Nanſy*?
Wad ye compare ye'rſell to me,
A docken till a tanſie?

I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſugar-candy.

Wow, *Nanſy*, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was *Rab* the beggar randy:
His minny *Meg* upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome *Willy*?

My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

Then *Nanſy* turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, Did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout;
I ken he deſna fear ye:
Sae had ye'r tongue and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's *Sandy*'s to the fore
Ye never ſhall get *Nanſy*.

## Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Not daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant every buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
*Tweed*'s murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To eaſe the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Is it on the ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or pleaſanter banks of the *Tweed*?

Chearful

There *Nancy's* to the green Wood gane, To hear the gowdſpink chat'ring, and *Wil-lie*

he has foll-ow'd her, to gain her Love by flat'ring; But a that he can ſay or do, She

geck'd and ſcorned at him, and ay when he be-gun to woo, She baad him mind wha gat him

## Tweedſide.

Slow

What Beau-ties does *Flora* diſ-cloſe, How ſweet are her ſmiles up-on Tweed, yet *Mary's* ſtill

ſweeter then thoſe, both na-ture and fancy ex-ceed, No Daiſy nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe, nor

all the gay Flow'rs of the Field, nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe, ſuch beauty & pleaſure does Yeild.

## For lake of Gold.

Briſkiſh

For Lake of Gold ſhe's left me Oh, of all that's dear be-reft me Oh, She me for-

-fook, for A great *Duke:* and to end-leſs care has left me Oh. A ſtar and

Gar-ter has more Art, than Youth a true and Faith-ful heart, for emp-ty Tit-tles

we muſt Part, and for glittring ſhow She left me Oh!

## The Buſh aboon Traquair.

Slow

Hear me ye Nymphs and ev- -ry Swain, I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me, tho' thus I languiſh

and complain A-las She neer be-lieves me. My vows and ſighs like ſi-lent Air un-heed-ed

ne-ver move her, the bon-ny Buſh a-boon *Traquair* was where I firſt did Love her

## For laik of Gold ſhe left me.

FOR the laik of gold ſhe left me,
And of all that's dear bereſt me;
She me forſook for a great duke,
And to endleſs care has left me, oh!
A ſtar and garter has more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we muſt part;
And for glitt'ring ſhow ſhe left me, oh!

No cruel fair ſhall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Thro' diſtant climates I muſt rove,
Since *Jeanie* ſhe has left me, oh!
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choiceſt bleſſings on her ſhare,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left me, oh!

## The Buſh aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every ſwain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me:
Tho' thus I languiſh, and complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny buſh aboon *Traquair*,
Was where I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender:
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain;
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

## Corn Riggs.

MY Patie * is a lover gay,
His mind *is* never muddy;
His breath *is* ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His ſhape *is* handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately *in his* wawking:
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Laſt night *I* met him on a bawk,
Where *yellow* corn was growing,
There mony a *kindly* word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He *kiſs'd, and* vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd *me beſt* of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
"O corn riggs are bonny."

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
Refuſe *what maiſt* they're wanting,
Since we *for* yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting;
Then I'll *com*ply, and marry Pate,
And ſyne my *coker*nony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn riggs are bonny.

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song, in *Italic* Characters, are to be left out by the ſecond Voice.

## The Broom of the Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth was I each morn to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good-will.
*O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom;*
*The broom of the* Cowdenknows;
*I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,*
*With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks round me lay:
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.
*O, the broom,* &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
The fleecy ſheep ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
*O, the broom,* &c.

While thus we ſpent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.
*O, the broom,* &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He ſtole my heart, cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
*O, the broom,* &c.

Hard fate that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
*O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,*
*Where laſt was my repoſe:*
*I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,*
*With his pipe and my ewes.*

## Corn Riggs.

Slowiſh

My *Patie* is a Lo-ver gay, his mind is ne-ver muddy, his breath is ſweet-er than new

My *Patie* is a Lo-ver gay, his mind ne'er muddy, his breath ſweeter than new

Hay his face is fair and ruddy; His ſhape is hand-ſome mid-dle Size, He's ſtate-ly in his

Hay his face is fair and ruddy; His ſhape handſome mid-dle Size, He's ſtate-ly

Wak-ing. the ſhin-ing of his Een ſur-priſe, 'tis Heav'n to hear him taw-king.

Wak-ing. the ſhining of his Een ſur-priſe, 'tis Heav'n to hear him taw-king.

## The Broom of Cowden Knows.

Slow

How blyth was I each morn to ſee, my Swain come o'er the Hill, he leap'd the brook, &

flew to me, I met him with good will O the Broom, the bon-ny bon-ny Broom, the

Broom of the Cowden Knows, I wiſh I were with my dear Swain, with his Pipe and my Ewes.

Plaintive

## My Apron Dearie.

My Sheep I've for-ſa-ken and left my Sheep hook, and all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-

-ſook, no more for *A-minta* freſh gar-lands I wove, for Ambition I ſaid, wou'd ſoon cure me of

Love. O what had my youth, with Am-bi-tion to do, why left I *A-minta*, why broke I my Vow, O

give me my Sheep, and my Sheep hook re-ſtore, and I'll wander from Love, and *Amin-ta* no more

## There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Briſk

*Bet-ty* ear-ly gone a Maying, met her ſweet heart *Willie* ſtraying, drift or chance no

matter whither, this we know he reaſon'd with her; Mark dear Maid the turtles cooing, fondly

Billing kind-ly wooing, ſee how ev'ry buſh diſ-covers, happy pairs of feather'd Lo-vers.

# Amynta.

To the Tune of *My Apron dearie.*

MY ſheep I've forſaken, and left my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forſook;
No more for *Amynta* freſh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I ſaid, wou'd ſoon cure me of love.
*O what had my youth with ambition to do?*
*Why left I* Amynta? *why broke I my vow?*
*O give me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook reſtore,*
*I'll wander from love and* Amynta *no more.*

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love;
O fool, to imagine, that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true!
*O what had my youth*, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor ſhepherd! *Amynta* no more can be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.
*O what had my youth with ambition to do?*
*Why left I* Amynta? *why broke I my vow?*
*O give me my ſheep, and my ſheep hook reſtore,*
*I'll wander from love and* Amynta *no more.*

# There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile Thee.

BETTY early gone a-maying,
Met her lover *Willie* ſtraying;
Drift or chance, no matter whether,
Thus we know he reaſon'd with her:
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
See how ev'ry buſh diſcovers,
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning bluſhing roſes,
All their ſecret charms diſcloſes;
Sweet's the time, ah! ſhort's the meaſure;
O their fleeting haſty pleaſure!
Quickly we muſt ſnatch the favour
Of their ſoft and fragrant flavour;
They bloom to-day, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in ſorrow.

Time, my *Beſs*, will leave no traces
Of thoſe beauties, of thoſe graces;
Youth and love forbid our ſtaying;
Love and youth abhor delaying;
Deareſt maid, nay, do not fly me;
Let your pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

# The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The *yellow hair'd laddie* would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and inchanting a ſound,
That ſilvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young *Mary* be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air,
But *Suſie* was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That *Maddie*, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth;
But *Suſie* was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſour;
Then ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his miſtreſs might be.

# Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

JOCKY he came here to woo,
On ae feaſt-day when we were fou;
And *Jenny* pat on her beſt array,
When ſhe heard that *Jocky* was come that way.

*Jenny* ſhe gaid up the ſtair,
Sae privily to change her ſmock;
And ay ſae loud as her mither did rair,
Hey, *Jenny*, come down to *Jock*.

*Jenny* ſhe came down the ſtair,
And ſhe came bakein and bingein ben.
Her ſtays they were lac'd, and her waiſt it was jimp,
And a braw well-made mante gown.

*Jocky*'s ta'en her by the hand,
Says, bonny laſs, will ye fancy me?
My father is dead, and has left me ſome land,
Wi' braw houſes, twa or three;

And I will gi' them a' to you.
A heath, quoth *Jenny*, I fear ye mock.
Then foul fa' me gin it be na true,
If ye'll be my *Jenny*, I'll be your *Jock*.

*Jenny* ſhe's gane up th' gate,
And a' her coats as white as her ſmock;
And ae ſa loud as her mither did cry,
Wow, ſirs, has na *Jenny* got *Jock*.

## The Yelloy hair'd Laddie.

Slow

In April when Prim-roſes paint the ſweet plain, and Summer ap-proaching re-

1ſt time 2d time

-joiceth the Swain, joiceth the Swain The Yel-low hair'd *Laddie* wou'd of--ten-times

go, to wilds and Deep glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow. Hawthorn Trees grow.

## Hey Jenny come down to Jock.

Brisk

Jocky he came here to Woo, on ae Feaſt day when we were Fu; And

Jen-ny pat on her beſt ar-ray, when She heard that Jocky was come that way.

## Down the burn Davie.

Moderatly

When Trees did bud and fields were green, and broom bloom'd fair to ſee, when *Mary*

was compleat Fifteen, and love laugh'd in her Eye, Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move, to

ſpeak her mind this free, Gang down the Burn *Davie* love, and I ſhall fol-low thee

## I'll never leave thee.

Slow

One day I heard *Mary* ſay, how ſhall I leave thee, ſtay deareſt *A-donis* ſtay,

why wilt thou grieve me A-las my fond Heart will break if thou fhou'd

leave me I'll live and die for thy ſake yet ne-ver leave thee

## Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When *Mary* was compleat fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth *Davie*'s blinks her heart did move,
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
*Gang down the burn*, Davie, *love*,
*And I ſhall follow thee.*

Now *Davie* did each lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on yon burn-ſide,
And *Mary* was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they ſaid!
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown
To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And naithing ſure unmeet:
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a wa'k ſae ſweet:
And that they aften ſhou'd return,
Sic pleaſure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
And ay ſhall follow you.

## I'll never leave thee.

ONE day I heard *Mary* ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt *Adonis*, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhould leave me;
I'll live and die for thy ſake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, ſay,
Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

*Adonis*, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can *Mary* thy anguiſh ſoothe?
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee,---leave thee, lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my *Adonis* fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

## Peggy I muſt love thee.

AS from a rock, paſt all relief,
The ſhipwrackt *Colin* ſpying
His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying;
With the next morning ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurprife;
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion:

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted;
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in *Peggy*'s mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now, ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe:
Why ſhou'd we happy minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear;
Falſe *Betty*'s charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far outſhine them.

## Woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

WITH broken words, and downcaſt eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpoke his paſſion tender;
And, parting with his *Griſy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we ſhould ſunder!
To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder;
Nor time, nor place, ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invites our wonder;
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder.
Ye gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

## Peggie I muſt love thee.

Slow

As from a Rock paſt all relief, the Shipwrack'd *Colin* ſpying his Native ſoil o'er
come with grief, half ſunk in Waves, & Dying; with the next morning Sun he ſpies, a Ship which
gave un-hop'd ſurpriſe, new life ſprings up he lifts his Eyes, with Joy and waits her mo-tion.

## Woes my Heart that we ſhou'd Sunder.

Slow

With broken words and down caſt Eyes poor *Co-lin* ſpoke his paſsion ten-der, and
part-ing with his *Grief* cry's Ah. woes my heart that we ſhou'd Sunder; To o-thers
I am cold as ſnow, but kin-dle with thine Eyes like Tin-der, from thee with pain I'm
forc'd to go it breaks my heart that we ſhou'd Sunder.

## The Mill Mill O.

*for 2 Voices*

Slow

To *Fanny* fair cou'd I impart, the cauſe of all my Woe! O. that beauty which has won my heart, She ſcarcely ſeems to know O: Un-ſkill'd in Art of Wo-mankind, with-out de-ſign She charms O. how can thoſe ſparkling Eyes be blind, which every bo-ſom Warms O.

To *Fanny* fair cou'd I impart, the cauſe of all my Woe! O. that beauty which has won my heart, She ſcarcely ſeems to know O: Unſkill'd in Art of Wo-mankind, without de-ſign She charms O. how can thoſe ſparkling Eyes be blind, which every bo-ſom Warms O.

## Gill Morice.

Slow

*Gill Morice* was an Earle's Son, his name it waxed wide, It was nae for his great Riches, nor yet his mickle pride; But it was for a La-dy gay, that liv'd on *Carron* Side.

End of Book firſt

To the Tune of *Mill, Mill—O.*

TO *Fanny* fair could I impart,
The cauſe of all my woe!---O
That beauty which has won my heart,
She ſcarcely ſeems to know---O:
Unſkill'd in art of womankind,
Without deſign ſhe charms---O;
How can thoſe ſparkling eyes be blind,
Which every boſom warms---O?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
The conſcious bluſhes ſhows---O,
Thoſe bluſhes to the eye more ſweet
Than th' op'ning budding roſe---O:
Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much---O,
Upon a thorny briar grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch---O.

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſs'd---O;
But as I wou'd approach more near,
At once I loſt my reſt---O;
Th' inchanting ſight, the ſweet ſurpriſe,
Prepare me for my doom---O;
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb---O.

## Gill Morice.

*GILL Morice* was an earl's ſon,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride;
*:S:* But it was for a lady gay
*S::* That liv'd on *Carron* ſide.

Where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe and ſhoon,
That will gae to Lord *Barnard*'s ha',
And bid his lady cum?
Ye maun rin this errand, *Willie*,
And ye may rin wi' pride;
When other boys gae on their feet,
On horſeback ye ſall ride.

Oh no! Oh no! my maſter dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's
For to tryſt furth his wife.
My bird *Willie*, my boy *Willie*,
My dear *Willie*, he ſaid,
How can ye ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
For I ſall be obey'd.

But, Oh my maſter dear! he cry'd,
In green wood ye're your lain,
Gi' o'er ſic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
For fear ye ſhou'd be ta'en.
Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' ſpeed;
If ye refuſe my high command,
I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' goud but the hem;
Bid her cum to the good greed wood,
And bring nane but her lain:
And there it is; a ſilken ſark;
Her ain hand ſew'd the ſleeve;
And bid her cum to *Gill Morice*;
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
Tho' it be to thy coſt;
Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ye ſall find froſt.
The baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,
As ye will ſee before it's night,
How ſma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, ſen I maun your errand rin,
Sae ſair againſt my will,
I's mak a vow, and keep it true,
It ſal be done for ill.
And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And when he came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to *Barnard*'s ha',
Wau'd neither chap nor ca';
Bot ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wau'd tell nae man his errand,
Tho' two ſtood at the gate;
Bot ſtright into the ha' he cam,
Whair grit folks ſat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
My meſſage winna' wait;

Dame,

Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,
Before that it be late;
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' goud but the hem:
You maun gae to the good green wood
Ev'n by your ſell alane.

And there it is, a ſilken ſark;
Your ain hand ſew'd the ſleeve;
Ye maun come ſpeak to *Gill Morice*;
Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
The lady ſtamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eye;
Bot a' that ſhe cou'd ſay or do,
Forbidden he wad nae be.

It's ſurely to my bow'r-woman;
It ne'er cou'd be to me.
I brought it to lady *Barnard*,
I trow that ye be ſhe.
Then up and ſpake the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upon her knee),
If it be come frae *Gill Morice*,
It's dear welcome to me.

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurſe,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
I brought it to lady *Barnard*;
I trow yebe na ſhe.
Then up and ſpake the bauld baron;
An angry man was he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
In flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the good green wood,
And ſpeak with your leman.
O bide at hame now lord *Barnard*,
I warn ye bide at hame;
Ne'er wyte a man or violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

*Gill Morice* ſits in good green wood,
He whiſtl'd and he ſang;
O what means a' theſe folks coming?
My mother tarries lang.
When lord *Barnard* to green wood came,
Wi' meikle dule and care;
There firſt he ſaw brave *Gill Morice*
Keming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, ſure, Oh *Gill Morice*,
My lady loo'd thee well,
The faireſt part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Yet ne'ertheleſs, now *Gill Morice*,
For a' thy great beauty,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;
That head ſall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
And ſlait it on the ſtrae;
And thro' *Gill Morice* fair body
He's gar'd cauld iron gae.
And he has ta'en *Gill Morice* head,
And ſet it on a ſpeir;
The meaneſt man in a' his train
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en *Gill Morice* up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteid,
And brought him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady ſat on caſtle wa'
Beheld both dale and down,
And there ſhe ſaw *Gill Morice* head
Come trailing to the town.

Far mare I loo that bloody head,
Bot' and that yellow hair,
Than lord *Barnard*, and a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.
And ſhe has ta'en her *Gill Morice*,
And kiſs'd both mouth and chin.
I once was fow of *Gill Morice*,
As hip was o' the ſtane.

I got ye in my father's houſe,
Wi' meikle ſin and ſhame;
I brought thee up in good green wood,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle ſat,
And fondly ſeen thee ſleep;
But now I'll go about thy grave,
The ſa't tears for to weep.

And ſyne ſhe kiſs'd his bloody cheek,
And ſyne his bloody chin.
Better I loo my *Gill Morice*,
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ye ill woman!
An ill deed mait ye die;
Gin I had kend he'd been your ſon,
He'd ne'er been ſlain for me.

Upbraid me not, my lord *Barnard*,
Upbraid me not, for ſhame!
Wi' that ſame ſpeir, Oh, pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since naithing but *Gill Morice* head
Thy jealous rage cou'd quell;
Let that ſame hand now take her life
That ne'er to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights
Will e'er be ſaft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy ſighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enough of blood by me's been ſpilt;
Seek not your death frae me;
I rather it had been myſell
Than either him or thee.

With waefow wae I hear your plaint;
Sair, ſair I rew the deed,
That e'er this curſed hand of mine
Did gar his body bleed.
Dry up your tears, my winſome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
You ſee his head upon my ſpeir,
His heart's blood on the ground.

I curſe the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' ſic ſpeed
The comely youth to kill.
I'll ay lament for *Gill Morice*,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was ſlain.

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F I N I S.

# For the FLUTE.

Birks of Endermay.

Peatie's Mill.

Low down in the Broom.

Boatman.

Nancys to the greenwood gane.

For Lake of Gold.

Bush aboon Traquair.

My Apron Dearie

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Woe's my heart &

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